

Are We There Yet?

There's one thing I hate about football. When there isn't any. There is no Premiership, no FA Cup and no Champions League. There's no Spanish, Italian or German league football either to be fair, but those are insignificant compared to the English game. It actually drives me crazy when the weekend comes and there's not a single match on TV that I would actually love to watch, international football just isn't the same.

It's not fair anyhow. Why should footballers, who pretty much get paid three times as much a week, as most people do a year, have twice the amount of holidays or more while we're stuck doing our day to day chores and have NOTHING to look forward to. I'm not bitter about the money footballers earn, not at all. I'm bitter about the fact that whilst I have to do housework and my daily duties every day of the year, they get to go on holiday AND we have to endure an entire summer of rubbish rumours of X player joining X club. Of course from time to time some of the rubbish rumours turn into prime time entertainment, one being if Roy Keane really does end up signing Kieran Richardson from Manchester United, for £6 million. Now as a United fan myself, I always loved Roy Keane. However, I never realised that the mean look on his face was down to a drinking problem. At least I hope it is, as that is the only thing that would excuse anyone offering anything above two million for the prime example of why some young footballers today have it too easy. In my humble opinion, Kieran Richardson is a spoilt brat whose love for money spoilt the talent he had as a youngster. Now I would probably be more understanding if he was disappointed in himself for wasting his potential, or at least tried to make a decent pass or two, or even a run up the wing when he plays, but he isn't and he doesn't. Instead he is busy giving it large in interviews, saying that he is willing to fight for his place, that he wants to make it at one of the biggest clubs in the world, that he has what it takes. Then he gets the chance to play, and just sits on his arse polishing his bling whilst waiting for his curling iron to warm up. Someone as fortunate as him, who is earning more money in two weeks than a family with two working adults do in a year, should not be given six weeks holiday. In fact, he should be sent to work with underprivileged children in Africa to see how hard some people's lives are. Maybe then he would appreciate just how easy he has it. Or he might stick his head out of the bus on a safari and get his head bitten off by a lion. Either way he'll learn an important lesson.

All that said and done, I don't begrudge footballers the money they earn. Everyone who has ever had a job, or instead are cashing giros, knows that you will always try to get the highest amount of money possible. The players aren't the ones that make the money available, the employers are, the FA are etc. So maybe I should be turning my complaint to the FA, for not making the league longer or spreading the matches more evenly. Maybe giving the guys a break in January, and having them play longer in the summer. Or just add more teams to the league so it makes up more matches. Maybe it is selfish to expect the players to entertain us for more than the months of the season, and by entertainment I mean playing football, not posing in magazines or go off snogging random glamour models or Z list celebrities, but it is their job after all. Maybe it is tiring to train three days a week, and play 90 minutes of football once or twice a week. But then it's very tiring for someone to go to the gym in the morning, go to work for 8 hours, then

come home and make dinner or play with his/her kids too, yet they don't seem to need six weeks or more of holiday. The amount they get paid, the least they could do is sacrifice one or two weeks of their holiday to the privately rented ISLAND (not hotel room or apartment like us normal folks), to appear in front of their fans that pay thousands of pounds a year in match tickets, travel fares, merchandise and Sky Sports and any other channel attached to them showing football.

Once again turning away from the players, I will turn to the FA and ask them for help. If, you as the governing body of football in England, are so selfishly sticking to the current eternity that is the summer without football, the least you can do is provide those of us who are suffering under the strain with sufficient funds to survive the wait without harming ourselves or those around us. Surely, a grand or two to each fan to cover expenses of best goals and moments DVDs, the new season's kits and a couple of footballs to have a kick about with the children would be fair. Or maybe pay to have our memory altered so we do not remember the last season and so will be as excited or terrified as we were when the matches were live, as we watch reruns of every single match on Sky (for free of course). At the very least make a law to say that if any football fan decide to take a copy of the Sun, Daily Mail, News Of The World or the Mirror after reading the rumours section and shove it down the throat of the respective newspapers' editors, they are not to be held legally responsible for it. Except unless if they are Chelsea fans, as their natural desire to behave in a violent manner cannot be excused by anything. Besides, it can't really be blamed on their frustration from not watching football, as I am pretty sure they don't go to Stamford Bridge to watch football. The fans of the club, who according to the fans of other London clubs can stick the blue flag up their arse, mainly visit their stadium to try and pick fights with other fans, or if that's not possible, pick fights among themselves. That of course is after the first 45 minutes is spent encouraging their children to learn Nazi salutes and that everyone, including your own players and fans are a word beginning with 'C' that's unsuitable for most half serious attempts of an article.

Then I guess this is all just wishful thinking. For any of this to actually happen, there would have to be a sense of justice in the world. Every day that I wake up and Kieran Richardson is still a United player, or that his dopey Big Brother participating cousin has yet to be locked up for crimes against humanity, proves there is no such thing as justice.